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Mother BUNCH's Closet

NEWLY BROKE OPEN,

CONTAINING

Rare Secrets of Art and Nature,

TRIED AND EXPERIENCED

BY LEARNED PHILOSOPHERS,

nd Recommended to all Ingenious

YOUNG MEN and MAIDS.

eaching them, in a natural Way, how

to get good Wives and Husbands.

A LOVER OF MIRTH AND HATER OF TREASON.

FIRST AND SECOND PARTS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Mother BUNCH's Cabinent broke open

READING over many ancient hiſtories, it was my chance to meet with this ſtory of an old woman who lived in the weſt, who took delight in ſtudying her fortune: when ſhe herſelf full twenty years old, ſhe thought her luck worſe than ſome who were married at fifteen or ſixteen, which much troubled her mind; but to prevent all doubts ſhe reſolved to try a ſtory ſhe had often heard her mother talk of, and finding it true ſhe reſolved to teach other maidens. On a time this old woman having newly buried her huſband, was taking a walk in the fields, for the benefit of the air, ſometimes thinking of the loſs of her husbands, for ſhe had had three, yet had a great deſire for the fourth. So it happened, as ſhe was walking alone, ſhe eſpied a young maid by a meadow-ſide. Good morrow maid, ſaid the old woman, how do you do? are not you well? Yes mother, I am very well, but ſomewhat troubled in mind. What is it troubles you ſo much? if I can, I will willingly relieve you, therefore be not aſhamed to tell the truth. Is it any thing of great concern? Indeed mother ſeeing you urge me ſo much, I will tell you the truth: We are three ſiſters, the youngeſt was married about a year ago, the middlemoſt laſt week, and I am the eldeſt, and no man heeds me. Well daughter, if this be all I believe I can aſſiſt thee. for when I was young, I was in the ſame condition, and with reading ſome hiſtories, found out the art to know him that ſhould be my huſband, which, if thou will keep thy counſel, I am ready to teach thee. I will truly, and if you will do ſo much for me, I ſhall think myſelf much obliged to you, and if my fortune proves right, I will make you amends.

Why then, I will tell you, in the firſt place you muſt obſerve St. Agnes's day, which is the 21ſt of January, and on that day let no man ſalute thee; and at night, before thou goeſt to bed, put on the beſt clean ſhift thou haſt, and when thou lieſt down lay thy right hand under thy head, and ſay theſe words, Now the god of love ſend me deſires, then go to ſleep as ſoon as poſ-

ſible

poſſible, and you ſhall be ſure to dream of him who will be your huſband, and you ſee him ſtand before you, and may take notice of him and ſee his complexion; and if he offer to ſalute thee do not deny him, but ſhew him as much favor as thou canſt; but if he offers to be uncivil, be ſure hold your legs together. And now, daughter, the council I have given you be ſure to tell nobody; ſo fare you well till I ſee you again

I give you thanks for your advice but one thing more I have to ſay. What is your name? and where do you live? I will tell you daughter, my name is Mother Bunch, and I live at a place called Bonadventure, where if you come I will make you welcome.

Now Mother Bunch having departed from the maid, ſhe met another pretty girl. Good morrow, Mother Bunch. Good morrow, pretty maid, whither are you going this morning? methinks you are very fine to day. Fine, Mother Bunch you do but think ſo. Nay I cannot diſcommend you; for ſuch a briſk young maid as you ſhould go handſome, or you'll never get a ſweetheart, tho' you think the time long. No, no mother, I am too young. How old are you? I am Eighteen then I know thou thinkeſt thou haſt ſtayed long enough, and wouldeſt as willingley have a huſband as another. Aye, Mother Bunch, but good huſbands are hard to find eſpecially for me, who have no skill in chuſing; or elſe may be, I would be glad of a good huſband. Be ſure take my adviſe in chuſing that is to ſay, take no one that has a red head; for be ſure he loveth a ſmock ſo well, that he will ſcarce let his wife have a good one to her back; nor a yellow hair as he is inclinable to be jellous; nor a black man, for he is dogged. Aye, but Mother, if I muſt not have yellow, black nor red, what colour muſt I take? Why, daughter, I tell you, if he be jealous, you will be forced by his ſpeaches to make it good, for how can a young woman forbear what ſhe is always told of? and beſides if he be jealous of thee, thou may'ſt as well be be ſo of him for whores and thieves think ill of each other. But hold a little, one thing more I have to ſay to you, and that is, to take notice of thy ſweethearts, when they come a wooing to thee I mean of their civil behavour; for if they ſwear, vow and

d make great proteſtations, then have a care of thyſelf, for
ny words breed diſſimulation; therefore have a care of ſuch
t if a man come to thee that is ſober, and civil behaved, there
e hopes of his proving a good man. Now mother, I will
ke my leave of you giving you many thanks for your good ad-
ce; and ſo farewell, till I ſee you again, and intend to take
council. Another time mother Bunch was in a little mea-
w, not far from her houſe on the 30th of April, before ſun-
ing. A handſome maid ſeeing her alone, came to her, and
d, Mother Bunch, good morrow how do you do? pray what
kes you abroad ſo early in the morning? you ſeem to be in
eep ſtudy. Daughter, you ſay very true; I am ſtudying
o ſhall be my next huſband; and if thou will but pleaſe to
y a little while, thou ſhalt ſee a pretty art, which you never
te ch you how to know your ſweet-heart. That
art indeed, and I ſhould be glad to know it.
ark! daughter, is not yon the cuckoo ſinging? Yes
ave not heard her ſing this year before now. Then
t down by me, but hold, are you faſting? Yes.
n kiſſed you? No. Then ſit you down by me.
o is mad; what a life ſhe leads; I think ſhe
matter; put off thy right ſhoe and ſtocking,
between thy great toe and the next. Now,
is hair is a long one; look well at it what color
k it is realy yellow. The ſame color will be your
ban is's hair. But Mother Bunch, I do not matter the
lor ſo much as the condition. I will tell you his condition;
may prove ſurly enough, and perhaps make you do as you
d not imagine. You muſt give him good words, and give
e good turn for another, but as to this, thou muſt keep it to
yſelf; it is an ill bird that beſhits its own neſt; kiſs and tell
foul play. Mother Bunch you make me ſmile, you talk ſo
rrily. Come daughter, it is no great matter; merry talk
es no harm, but drives the time away; but as for the deed
ing, I leave that to yourſelf. But hark! daughter, I have
d three huſbands myſelf, and I think to have another: and
o you think I am ſo mad to tell him all I do? Then, my
aughter, I have another way to tell you who muſt be your
uſband; I have proved it true; and now is the beſt time of

the

the year to try it therefore obſerve what I ſa
Take a St. Thomas's onion, pare it, and lay it
a clean handkerchief under your pillow; put on
clean ſmock, and as you lie down lay your ar
abroad, and ſay theſe words.

Good St. Thomas, do me right,
And bring me to my love this night;
That I may view him in the face.
And in my arms may kind embrace.

Then lying on thy back, with thy arms abroa
go to ſleep as ſoon as poſſible, and in your ſt ſlee
you ſhall dream of him who is to be your ban
and he will come and offer to kiſs you; do hi
der him, but catch him in thy arms, an ive
hold him for that is he. This I have t nd
has proved true. Yet I have anothe wa
for a maid to know her ſweetheart, whi s fo
lows, take a ſummer apple, of the bes , ſtic
pins cloſe into the apple, to the head, a as yo
ſtick them, take notice which of them is the midd
moſt, and give it what name you fancy; put it i
to your left hand glove, and lay it under thy pillo
on Saturday night, after thou getteſt into bed, the
clap thy hands together, and ſay theſe words.

If thou be he who muſt have me,
To be thy wedded bride;
Make no delay but come away,
This night to my bedſide.

And in thy ſleep thou ſhalt ſee him come in h
ſhirt, and if he offer thee any abuſe, he will
great with another woman; but if he puts his han
over thee, be not afraid, for it is a ſign he'll pro
a go

a good husband; that is a good way for a young man to know his sweet heart, giving the middlemost pin the name he fancies best, putting an apple in his right-hand glove, and laying it under his pillow, when he is in bed, saying

If thou be she who must have me,
In wedlock for to join;
Make no delay but come away,
Unto this bed of mine.

And that night he may see her, as if she came in her shift and petticoat, which is a sign she will prove a civil woman; but if she comes with her shift only she will prove a ranter, and is better lost than found.

And now, caughter, the time passes away, and I must begone, and so bid you farewell. Mother Bunch, I give you many thanks for your good counsel, and intend to take your advice.

Upon a time, Mother Bunch, being at a wedding, where young men and maids were met, who had a mind to have some discourse with her, one young man said, Mother Bunch, we know you are a woman that has judgment in many things; I pray tell me my fortune. I cannot tell fortunes, but thou blinketh too much with one ere, to be true to one woman. Aye but mother says another what think you of me, thou mayest marry a lady, if thou canst but lay a great wager with her, three to one and if she lays with thee, thou wilt be very likely to win; for thou hast mettle in thee; but have a care she win not the odds, if she does, thou art clean gone: so farewel.

Now Mother Bunch took her leave; and going home

home, she met a maid going to the wedding. How do you do mother? Thank you, daughter; whither are you going? To the wedding I believe; but hark you, mother, will you sit down a little, I have something to say to you. What is it daughter? When shall I be married? Would you fain be married? Yes mother, if I could get a good husband. Then, daughter, I will tell you the best I can, if you will take my advice. In the month of January are many dangerous days for thee to take notice of, these are, the first, second, third, fourth and fifth, there are many more; but if thou make merryest on these days, thy husband will cuckold thee, or thou wilt make him one, or else you will soon be parted by one means or other; but for all there be so many bad days in this month, I can tell of one day which is lucky, and many young men and maids have a deal of heart's ease on that day, or the day after, as I shall let you understand; it is the 21st. called St. Agnes's day. This St. Agnes has a great favor for young men and maids, and will bring to their bed-sides their sweethearts, if they follow my rules: Upon this day you must besure to keep fast, and neither eat nor drink all that day, nor night neither let man, woman, or child kiss thee on that day; and thou must be sure, when thou goest to bed, to put on a clean shirt, and the best thou hast, and clean cloaths on thy head; for St. Agnes loves to see all clean when she comes; when thou lieth down, lie as strait as thou canst, and lay thy hands under thy head and say.

Now

Now St. Agnes play thy part,
And ſend to me my own ſweetheart,
And ſhew me ſuch a happy bliſs,
This night of him to have a kiſs.

And be ſure fall aſleep as ſoon as you can, and before you awake out of your firſt ſleep, you ſhall ſee him come before you, and ſhall perceive by his habit what tradeſman he is: and be ſure thou declare not thy dream unto any one in ten days, and by that time thou mayeſt ſee thy dream come to paſs. All this I have proved three times; for I have had three huſbands, and they all proved tradeſmen; the firſt was a ſtraw joiner, the ſeconds mouſetrap maker, and the third a gentle craft; and he came to me with his awl in his hand, and would needs prick me, ay, and did prick, but did not hurt me; and ſo I waked out of my dream, and was never the worſe; but I thought the time long till he came again, as all maids do that deſire to be married, I know ſome maids would have a huſband with the beſt conditions, and endowed with the beſt qualifications; nay, they would have impoſſibilities; but I am afraid they will make good the old proverb, that ſays,

If you will not when you may,
When you would you ſhall have nay.

Therefore take my advice, if a young man comes to you of civil carriage, and you think you can love him, be not ſcornful to him, but give him civil entertainment, according to his behaviour; but be ſure to hold your legs together, till the authority ſigned when you may open them as wide as you pleaſe.

And to young men, my advice is they be wary in their choice, ſince there is as much danger of wife as a huſband: wherefore all young men take my advice; chuſe not one with a long noſe, a ſcolding brow, and thin lips; for in ſuch there is great danger, he who is ty'd to a ſcold, is ty'd to ſorrow; chuſe not one who is counted a ſlut, for if ſhe be a ſlut, ſhe is idle alſo, and theſe two companions will bring thee to poverty; nay beſides this, the old ſaying is. A ſlut will poiſon the gut, and if you can't eat with her, you won't ſleep with her, and you muſt have a bed fellow ſomewhere.

But this is the beſt way of chuſing a wife: Take one for love, not for riches, which fly away; but true love never varies; and where that is, the bleſſing of God is. If you deſire to live a long life, be not overfond of riches, but chuſe a civil, handſome maid, who is nothing given to pride; ſuch a maid may make a fine wife: but ſhe that brings a handſome fortune will be always throwing it in your teeth, which often occaſions great diſturbance, therefore let this ſuffice for thoſe who deſire to get good wives; and take notice what I have already ſaid. and you may fare the better.

And as for young maids, this is my advice, if they will not try St. Agnes, let them be ſure to chuſe a clever man, who is able to do his work; for if ſhe be fain to ſeek another to do that work, it will breed great diſſention.

Thus endeth Mother Bunch's advice to all young men and maids, wiſhing happy luck and fortune to them all. And now rather than you ſhall think you

you have not enough for your money, the author has added two merry ſongs.

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Tune of Cuddle my Cuddy.

YOUNG men and batchelors all,
Take notice of what I ſay;
The ſtrongeſt man may catch a fall,
If with Venus he doth play.
It is nothing to woo a maid,
If you can pleaſe her withal;
But yet he may ſoon be betrayed,
If ſhe chance but backwards to fall.
Young Cupid's a pretty boy,
And Venus his mother loves ſport.
And young men delight to toy,
With pretty toys at court.
The Ploughman he loves Joan,
Betty, Mary, and lovely Nan;
And he with a merry tone,
Can pleaſe them every one.
But Joan loves Jervis the Joiner,
And Betty with Martin can bill,
And Mary loves George the gold-finder,
And Nan loves George of the Mill.
Tom Tinker loves Kate and her kettle,
And Kate thinks him her beſt friend,
Becauſe he is a man of mettle.
Concluding my ditty doth end.

Another.

Another, to the ſame Tune.

ATTEND, ye gentlemen all,
A ſtory often proves true;
For the poor ſuffer hunger and cold,
Which makes them look pitiful blue.
It was writ in an evening bright,
When Bacchus began to be muddy,
And Luna began to give light,
Poor Tom fell into a ſtudy
Which vexed his brain right ſore.
To ſee how extortion doth thrive,
And conſcience is kick'd out of door,
Such cruelty now is alive.
And ſhe came down in her ſmock,
Whilſt Joan at tricket did play,
Cuckold the cradle may rock;
For he that is bound muſt obey,
His maſter, if he does command
And his miſtreſs, if ſhe bid go;
For woman would all have a ſtand,
Hold, dear man, leſt you overthrow.
A woman when ſhe is unlaced,
Much danger is got by the fall;
For between the ſoot and the waiſt
The cobler will work with his awl.

NOW for thoſe poor young creatures that have pined themſelves to death, and neglected the cure, the worſt of pretenders to phyſiognomy might perſcribe them a remedy; and all thoſe of what conſtitution

conſtitution ſoever, that have languiſhed in ſingle ſheets till ſixteen: I will ſhew you how you ſhall ſee the perſon that is to eaſe you of your Maiden-head, collected from Triſmegiſtus and Cornelius Agrippa.

On Midſummer Eve three or four of you muſt dip your ſhifts in fair water, then turn them wrong ſide outwards, and hang them on chairs before the fire, and lay ſome ſalt in another chair, and ſpeak not a word. In a ſhort time the likeneſs of him you are to marry will come and turn your ſmocks, and drink to you; but if there be any of you who will never marry, they will hear a bell, but not the reſt.

Another way, quickly tried.

Take hemp ſeed, and go into what place you will by yourſelf, carry the ſeed in your apron, and with your right hand throw it over your ſhoulder, ſaying

Hemp ſeed I ſow, hemp ſeed I ſow,
And he that muſt be my true love,
Come after me and mow.

And at the ninth time expect to ſee the figure of him you are to wed, or elſe hear a bell as before.

Yet tho you hear the diſmal bell,
'Tis your fault if you lead Apes in Hell.

Another Way.

The firſt change of the new moon in the new year, the firſt time you ſee it hold your hands a-croſs, ſaying this three times.

New moon, new moon, I pray thee,
Tell me this night whomy true love will be.

Then go to bed without ſpeaking a word and you will certainly dream of the perſon you ſhall marry.

Another way, experienced often.

Young men and maids may take ſome roſemary flowers, bay leaves, a little thime, ſweet marjoram, and ſoutherwood; make theſe into a powder, and with barley flour make a cake, but do not bake it. Lay this under your head any Friday night; and if you dream of muſic, you'll wed thoſe you deſire in a ſhort time; if of the ſea or ſhips you'll travel firſt; if of a church you muſt be contented to die ſingle.

Now Mother Buuch's ſtore's exhaust,
She ſits her down to ſpin;
There ſtudies how ſhe ſoon may make,
Her Second Part begin.
Which is now finiſhed and ſold,
Where you have had the Firſt:
'Twill make you wiſe, alſo to laugh,
Until your ſides do burſt.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

Introduction to the Second Part.

ONE Michaelmas-day o'd Mother Bunch ſitting upon the bank of a river, joining to a neighbouring grove, ſhe beheld the late flouriſhing branches in their decay, whoſe leaves were falling to earth. From this ſhe began to conſider ſeriouſly her own mortality; and ſince old time had hurled on the winter of her age, which had covered her head with grey locks, ſhe might expect ere long ſhe muſt fall like the leaves to the earth: therefore ſhe reſolved, in regard ſhe had always been a kind friend to young men and maids, that ſhe would leave a fair teſtimony of her love before ſhe left the world; ſince her painful ſtudy, and ſtrict obſervation, had made a large improvement in her ſtock of knowledge, ſhe would not have it buried in the grave with her, but leave it to poſterity, for the benefit of young men and maids, whereby they may learn to underſtand their good and bad fortunes, and by the direction of this book, be furniſhed with many ſecret curities, never publiſhed to the world.

According the next day ſhe wrote letters or invitaon to the young men and maids to repair to her houſe on St. Luke's day; the maids ſhe appointed to come in the morning to be firſt inſtructed, for theſe two reaſons, as ſhe herſelf was a woman, ſhe would teach the young women firſt, leſt the batchelors ſhould be too ſever on them! the ſecond was,

it

it being Horn-Fair day, many of the batchelors would be employed in the morning, in handing old citizens young wives to the fair, and in the afternoon they might be at liberty. This was the determination of old mother Bunch.

The Second Part of

Mother Bunch.

Now againſt the day appointed, mother Bunch deck'd her houſe, and getting up very early that morning ſhe placed herſelf in the cloſet where her treaſure lay. Now the firſt that entered the room was Margery Loveman, a malſter's maid who with a low curtſey ſaid. Good morrow, mother Bunch, I am come to partake of your bounty; for I hear you have a ſecond time opened your Golden Cloſet of Curioſities.—Yes, daughter, ſaid ſhe, ſo I have, and though ſhalt partake of it.—Here are infalliable rules and directions, in all manner of love intrigues, that you may know what ſort of man you'll marry, and whether he will prove loving or not. Dear mother, theſe are the things I would know for, believe me, out of all my ſweethearts, I'd willingly chuſe the beſt; 'tis true, I have 150l. the noiſe of which has brought many ſweethearts, and I'd willingly know which comes for pure love, and which for the lucre of the money. Daughter ſaid

ſaid ſhe, here is an experiment, if you will try it, will make a full diſcovery of the reality of their love. Let a report be ſpread, that you are robbed, of all you have in the world; if, after this, there is any one continues his love as before, you may be ſure he is faithful.—But be ſure keep this counſel to yourſelf, that the myſtery may not be diſcovered. I'll take care of that, dear mother, quoth Margery, and I heartily thank you for this kind advice; ſo good morrow, for I muſt needs go.

Good morrow, daughter, ſhe reply'd,
Young men are falſe, and muſt be try'd.

She was no ſooner gone, but in came Mrs. Suſan, a young Sempſtreſs from Saliſbury, who entered wringing of her hands. How, now, quoth ſhe, what's the matter daughter, you take on at this rate? Alas! mother Bunch, quoth Suſan, my, my, my—. What's the matter? Why my ſorrow is more than I am able to bear; for mother, dear Frank the fiddler, and I have fallen out, and he ſwears he will not have me.—Come daughter, quoth ſhe, be good cheer, I'll put you in a way to ſee whether he is angry or no. She that's afraid of the graſs, muſt never piſs in a meadow. One ſwallow never makes a ſummer, nor one woodcock a winter. Let your angry lover alone and he will come to himſelf again; for know fond love is a puny darling, and wants humering; therefore let him alone, in time he'll forget his anger, and return to thee again, if he has any principle of good nature or loyal love in him, and if not, you had better be without him, than for your life time to be ty'd to a four apple tree. Remember the old

proverb, "Set thy ſtool in the Sun, and if a knav goes an honeſt man may come, I hope you have not played the wanton with him. No, mother, but he would fain have play'd a leſſon on my lute the other market-day, but I had more grace than let him. Say'ſt thou ſo, daughter? why then I'll tell thee, he did it to try thee, and ſince he finds that you withſtood him, he will never leave you. Well, dear mother, ſhe ſaid, your words are comfortable to me, and when I find the good effects, I'll return to you an account; and now mother, farewell.

Right happy, daughter, may you be,
In guarding your virginity.

The next which entered the room was Margaret, the miller's maid. who after making a low curteſy and giving Mother Bunch the time of the day, deſired to know for what reaſon ſhe ſent her a letter. Why quouth the old woman, that I might reveal to you ſome ſecrets, that are both relative and conducive to love, which I have never yet diſcovered to the world. But Mother, ſaid Margaret, I am a meer ſtranger to love, for I never knew what it meant. That may be, quoth ſhe, yet you know not how ſoon you may receive the arrows of Cupid, and then you'll be glad of my advice; for I know the beſt of you deſires to lie with a man; and and I'll appeal to you, if you would not be glad of a huſband, Mother, quoth Margaret, you come too cloſe to the matter, and if I may ſpeak my mind, I'd willingly embrace ſuch a one; I'd willingly embrace ſuch a one; for altho' houſe keeping is chargible, yet marriage is honorable. Thou

ſayeſt well daughter, quoth mother Bunch; and if thou haſt a mind to ſee the man, follow my directions, and you ſhall not fail. Let me ſee, this is St. Luke's day, which I have found by long experience to be fitter for this purpoſe than St. Agnes's, and the ingredients more excellent. Take Marygold flowers, a ſprig of Majarom, Thyme, and a little Wormwood; dry them before a fire, rub them to powder, then ſift it tho' a fine piece of lawn; ſimmer theſe, with a ſmall quantity of virgin honey, in whine vinegar, over a ſlow fire: with this anoint your ſtomach, breaſt, and lips, when lying down and repeat theſe words thrice.

St. Luke, St. Luke, be kind to me,
In dreams let me my true love ſee.

This ſaid, haſten to ſleep, and in the ſoft ſlumber of your night's repoſe, the very man whom you ſhall marry will appear before you, walking to and fro, near your bed-ſide, very plain and viſible to be ſeen. You ſhall perfectly behold his viſage, ſtature, and deportment; and if he be one that will prove a loving huſband, he be one who will prove a loving huſband, he will approach you with a ſmile; which if he does, do not ſeem to be over-fond or peeviſh. but receive the ſame with a mild and modeſt bluſh. But if he be one, who after marriage will forſake thy bed to wander after ſtrange women, he will offer to be rude and uncivil with thee. Theſe are rarities I have never before devulged, and will prove of advantage. I muſt thank you for all your love quoth Margaret, and ſo farewell, good Mother Bunch.— Good bye, dear daughter, ſhe immediately replyed'

Let joy and pleaſure crown your days,
And a kind man your Fortune raiſe.

Next c me Kate the clothworkers daughter, Doll the dairymaid, Joan, Bridget, and Nancy, &c. in all about forty together, who almoſt filled the room each of them

crying, dear mother Bunch remember me, O mother remember me, &c. that they made the old woman deaf with their great noiſe. My dear daugeters, quoth the old woman, ſit you down and be quiet, and you ſhall all partake of my benediction. Now daughters, I'll ſit in the midſt of you, and read you a lecture; meaning to give you a large account of ſome extraordinary curioſities here in my cloſet newly broken open; declaring it as my opinion, that the things which are profitable for one maid are ſo for another.

Firſt, If any one here deſires to know the name of the man whom ſhe ſhall marry, let her who deſires this ſeek a green peaſcod, in which there are full nine peas; which done, either write or cauſe to be written, on a ſmall ſlip of paper, theſe words.

Come in my dear, and do not fear.

Which writing you muſt encloſe within the aforeſaid peaſcod, and lay it under the door, then mind the next perſon who comes in, for you'll certainly marry one of the ſame name.

Secondly, She who deſires to be ſatisfied, whether ſhe ſhall enjoy the man deſired or no; Let her take two lemon peels in the morning, and wear them all day under her arm pits; then at night let her rub the four poſts of the bed with them: which done, in your ſleep he will ſeem to come and preſent you with a couple of lemons; but if not there is no hope.

Thirdly, She who deſires to know to what manner of fortune ſhe ſhall be married, if a gentleman, a tradeſman, or a traveller, The experiment is this; a walnut, a hazlenut. and a nutmeg, grate them, and mix them; and mix them up with butter and ſugar into pills, which muſt be taken at lying down, and then if her fortune to marry a gentleman, her ſleep will be filled with golden dreams, if a tradeſman, odd noiſes and tumults, if a traveller, then will thunder and lighning diſturb her.

Foutthly, St. Agnes's day I have not yet wholly
xted out of my book, but I have found a more exact
y of trial than before. You need not abſtain from
ſes, nor be foreed to keep faſt, for a glance of a lo-
r in the night. If you can but riſe to be at the church
of between the hours of twelve and one in the morn-
g; and put the fore finger of your right hand into the
y hole, and then repeat the following words thrice.

O ſweet St. Agnes now draw near,
And with my true love ſtrait appear.

Then will he preſently approch with a ſmilling coun-
nce.

Fifthly, My daughters, know ye the 14th of Februa-
is Valentine's day, at which time the fouls of the air
gin to couple; and the young men and maids are for
uſing their mates. Now that you may ſpeed take
is approved direction: Take five Bay leaves, lay one
nder every corner of your pillow, and fifth in the middle
en lying down to reſt, repeat theſe lines ſeven times.

Sweet Guardian Angels let me have,
What I moſt earneſtly do crave,
A Valentine endowed with love,
That will both kind and conſtant prove.

Then to your content you'll either have the Valen-
ne you deſire or one more exeellent.

Sixthly, The old experiment of the Midſummer
mock found out in a much better method than before,
y my ſublime and painful ſtudy in phyloſophy.— And
ow my daughters ſaid ſhe, it is thus: Let ſeven of you
o together on Midſummer Eve, juſt at ſun ſet, into a
lent grove, and gather every one of you a ſprig of
d ſage, and return into a private room, with ſtool in
iddle; each one having a clean ſmock turned wrong-
twards, hanging on a line acroſs the room; and let
very one lay their ſprig of red ſage in a clean baſon of
ſewater, ſet on the ſtool; which done, place yourſelf

ves on a row, and continue till twelve or one, ſayin
nothing, be it what you will you ſee; for after midnig
each one's ſweetheart or huſband that ſhall be, will tak
each maids ſprig out of the roſe water, and ſprinkle h
love's ſhift; and thoſe who are to be unfortunate, as ne
ver to be ſo happy as to be married, their ſprigs wi
not be moved, but in lieu of that, ſobs and ſighs will b
heard. This has been often tryed, and never failed
its effects.

Theſe things I have found out of late,
To make young lovers fortunate.

And now my dear daughters, I have but a word
two more to ſay at the preſent, & that by way of caution
In the twelve months I find about thirty one da
unlucky; ſo as you tender your own happineſs, tak
care you marry not on thoſe days; and for your bett
inſtruction, will ſet down thoſe days for you.
In January are four the 7, 14, 17, and 18th.—In Fe
two, 5, and 10th.—In March three, the 9, 19, and 30
In April two, the 6, and 7th.—In May two, the 4, & 1
In June three, the 7, 9, and 10th —In July two, the 6
and 7th.—In Auguſt two, the 11, and 16th.— In Sep
three, the 2. 3, and 4th —In October three, the 4, 1
and 15th.—In November two, 15, and 24th.—and
December three, the 6, 3, and 9th.

Obſerve my Rules of all theſe Days,
And then you will your Fortunes raiſe.

This ſaid, old Mother Bunch gave them a cup of h
Cordial Water, and ſo diſmiſs'd them, the young d
ſels returniug her hearty thanks for her motherly advice

After Mother Bunch dined, the youngmen cam
as Tom the Miller, Ralph the Thatcher, and Robin
Plowman, with a great many other trades and calling
whom Mother Bunch invited to ſit down, that ſo ſh
might the better deliver her ſalutary counſel to them.

And firſt ſhe begins with Tom the Miller, ſaying, A

Tom, thou art a ſad fellow, there's not a maid coming to the mill, but you will be bobbing upon their aprons, but take my word for it, if you don't leave off, yon'll be ruined. What woman will have ſuch a one? caterwauling ſtill. You know what I mean, Tom. Yes, yes, Mother, but ſure you don't take me for ſuch a one. Yes, Tom, I do, and am ſeldom miſtaken; 'tis you millers that fill the country with cracked maidenheads, that the honeſt huſbandman already finds the ground filled up. But farewell, I will have nothing to do with ſuch as you.

Then turning to Ralph the thacher, ſhe ſaid, I find you are deſirous of a wife, and your ambition is ſuch ſhe muſt be rich, young and beautiful. So you cannot be content with honeſt Joan, to whom you have promiſed marriage, but muſt change her for a finikin madam: but I can tell you ſhe wont ſtand picking of ſtraw with you; her fair face will find many friends in a corner; and ſo you may chance to be a cuckold, and indeed but juſtly ſerved in your kind; And therefore I pray return to your old lover, for ſhe is an honeſt girl, and therefore I pray you to return to old lover, for ſhe is an honeſt girl, and therefore far more fit for you than ſuch a butterfly as you have lately followed.

Then ſhe ſtretched forth her hand to Robin the Plowman, ſaying, Thou art an honeſt man, and good luck will attend thee; I dont mean bags of gold nor heaps of ſilver, but thou ſhalt have an induſtrous wife, one who will be willing to labour, a true and faithful yoke-mate, who will be a chearful partner in thy weal of woe, to ſupport thee under thy trobles, as the poet has it.

The Burden may borne by two, with care
Which is, perhaps, too much for one to bear.

Honeſt Robin, this is thy fortune, and as thou art a downright man, I'm glad to find it ſo.

Thus Mother Bunch went round the room,
And told them what would be their doom,
If they her daughters did betray,
And steal their maidenheads away,
Each should be punished with a bride,
By whom they should be hornified,
But if they were right honest men,
They should have happy fortunes then.

This said, she did her blessings give,
In love and happiness to live;
Which when they did the same receive,
Of Mother Bunch they took their leave,
Declaring she had told them more,
Than e'e they understood before.

MOTHER BUNCH's DEATH.

Yet all her Art at length could not her save,
From Death's dire stroke, & mouldering in the grave.

10 JU 52

FINIS.